[fic] Human AU: Misunderstanding.

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Title: Human AU: Misunderstanding.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: NC-17.
Warnings: Angelcest, smut.
Pairings/Characters: Raphael/Michael, mentions of Michael/Lucifer, Gabriel +/ Lucifer.
Word Count: 1,085 words.
Summary: Raphael looks for answers with Michael, but upsets him instead. Michael then does something rather foolish.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt misunderstanding being used for this one. Fourteen down, sixteen to go!

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

It frustrates him. Raphael knows so little about the situation, beyond Gabriel's cryptic statements and what little Lucifer has said, and something in him is telling him not to try to learn more, cautioning him against it, yet Raphael cannot help but be curious, if for no other reason than if he knew what was wrong here, perhaps he could try to help and fix it.

Why would Gabriel expect to be hated? That above all else troubles him, but he has no way to find out more, not after Gabriel's confusing explanation and his outburst at Lucifer that led to him leaving.

Raphael considers asking Lucifer more, but he keeps seeing fear in Lucifer's eyes, and if he stays away, perhaps he can ease that. (And he doesn't know where Lucifer is, he's vanished since Gabriel yelled at him.)

It leaves one last option for him to try: Michael. They'd mentioned a Michael, someone Raphael expects is yet another brother, and something about drowning?

Whatever they meant, he winds up knocking on the door to the bathroom, where he can hear running water.

It surprises him when the door is opened barely seconds later, but something tugs at him when he sees Michael for the first time: he does not know how, but he knows that he *knows* Michael.

If nothing else it explains why Michael drags him inside before locking the door again, because if they know each other, maybe Michael doesn't expect hatred from him?

"Michael?" Raphael asks, and oh. Oh dear. He watches Michael's back tense up, and has he done something wrong already.

"You're not Raphael," Michael says, not turning around, and Raphael can see his hands shake. "What happened to Raphael?"

"I've been told I don't remember anything," Raphael says carefully, then: "If you're hurt, let me help you."

Michael stills. For a moment Raphael thinks he's said something right.

Then Michael makes a soft sound that Raphael can barely hear when the shower is still on, and then Raphael realizes that he is hearing Michael cry.

Raphael acts on instinct, and pulls Michael into a gentle hug, shushing him quietly, apologizing for whatever he's done wrong, because he never meant to hurt him.

Michael begins to shake again, not just in his hands, and Raphael feels the heat of tears landing on his hands where they are clasped over Michael's heart.

"Stop," Michael says softly, letting go of the doorknob. "Stop talking, please - "

Raphael quiets, and holds him gently, ready to let go if Michael tries to pull away, and waits for Michael to calm down.

"I - " Michael chokes on his words, but Raphael says nothing, lets him continue, "I had sex with Lucifer."

Raphael blinks.

"...why don't you hate me?" Michael asks, beginning to shake again. "You should be yelling, or letting go! Why - why aren't you - "

"I don't hate you," Raphael says, confused, "Why would I hate you for that?"

He doesn't understand why his brothers are expecting hatred from him, he doesn't understand what kind of person he could have been, not if he's so full of hate as they expect.

"God," Michael says softly, weakly, and turns, pressing his face into Raphael's shoulder.

"Michael," Raphael says softly. "I don't hate you, or Lucifer, or Gabriel. I don't understand why I should hate any of you."

Michael shakes again, and as Raphael opens his mouth again to speak, to try to calm him, Michael lifts his head, and Raphael can't read what's in his eyes as Michael kisses him.

It is a confused kiss, one that Raphael reciprocates after a moment, and then Michael is pulling back, and he looks absolutely terrified.

"You - " Michael says, and closes his mouth, covering it with a hand.

Raphael blinks, and tilts his head, trying to make sense of this.

Michael closes his eyes, then opens them again and kisses him, lunging into it. He clutches at Raphael's arms, pressing up into him, and deepens the kiss, and Raphael figures something out: Michael wants him to reciprocate.

So he does, opening his mouth wider and sliding his hands down Michael's sides, squeezes at his rear, makes Michael gasp into his mouth. It's good, he thinks, and Michael seems to agree as he pulls back, scrambling to pull off his shirt and pants, and Raphael gets his own clothes off, barely removing his shirt before Michael's kissing him again, eyes closed, and Raphael can't even guess at Michael's feelings, but if he can make him feel good, well.

There's no reason that he can see as to why he shouldn't do this.

He opens his pants, doesn't bother to pull them or his underwear down as he pulls Michael (who is now naked) into his arms, deepening the kiss.

Michael moans, and Raphael answers his moan as he fits a hand between them, gripping at Michael's cock, stroking it in slow strokes as he watches Michael startle briefly before letting himself go as he pushes into Raphael's hand.

"More, please," Michael manages, and Raphael muffles him with another kiss, speeding his strokes. He's not expecting reciprocation, but is pleasantly surprised when Michael fumbles with his underwear, pushing it down, gripping him back, and Raphael groans, still holding Michael in a half-hug as he strokes him.

He can't help but push Michael up against the door to stabilize them both as Michael figures out how it works, squeezes and strokes in ways that Raphael wasn't expecting, ways that make him press closer to Michael as he fists Michael's cock. He is shaking now, but it is good as the pleasure builds in him, and he can feel Michael's gasps against his lips as they're both pushed closer to the edge of coming, and he can see Michael's eyes widen as he finds release, body shaking as he comes over Raphael's hand.

Raphael finds it strangely warming to hear his name on Michael's lips as he comes, and kisses him again, feeling Michael's grip tighten and move faster, placing his hands on Michael's shoulders and hips as he is caught by that same rush as he comes, gasping as he almost falls into Michael, holding onto him for balance.

For a moment they stand like that, using each other and the door for support, but then Raphael kisses Michael again and reaches out for a towel, to clean them up.

He feels good, tired, but good, and he hopes Michael feels it too.

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